

THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL. 5.

JASPER, INDIANA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

NO. 36.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT JASPER, DUBOIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY

CLEMENT DOANE.
OFFICE—CORNER OF MACDONALD AND WEST STREETS.

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Single Subscription, for fifty Nos., \$1.50
For six months, 1.00

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W. C. ADAMS. B. BURTNER.
ADAMS & BURTNER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND AGENTS FOR COLLECTING SOLDIERS CLAIMS.
JASPER, INDIANA.
Office—North east corner McDonald and West streets.
March 14, 1863.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
THE undersigned will hereafter practice in the Circuit Court of Dubois County, and will promptly attend to all business entrusted in his care.
WILL N. TRACEWELL.

George P. Dewese,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
ROME, IND.

WILL attend the Courts in Perry, Dubois and Crawford counties, and give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him.
Jan. 23, '61.

JOHN BAKER. A. J. BECKETT,
Vincennes, Ind. Jasper, Ind.
BAKER & BECKETT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WILL practice in the Dubois Circuit and Common Pleas Courts. Particular attention paid to collections.
June 20.

J. T. Dewese,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PETERSBURGH, IND.

WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care in Pike and adjoining counties.
Nov. 2.

RUDOLPHUS SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JASPER, INDIANA.

WILL attend promptly to any business entrusted to him in any of the courts of Dubois county. Office at the corner of McDonald and — streets.
mar 12

W. M. DeWolf,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PETERSBURGH, INDIANA.

Will attend all terms of the courts in Dubois county.
January 25th 1860-v

SEBASTIAN KUEBLER,
WAGON, COACH, PLOW AND HARROW
MANUFACTURER,

CORNER OF NEWTON & LAWRENCE STREETS.
Jasper, Indiana.

Would respectfully inform the public that they have a large and splendid assortment of Boots and Shoes on hand,

which they will sell as cheap as can be done anywhere, and will warrant all their work. Give us a trial.
ROMUALD BECK.

R. BECK,
BOOT & SHOE STORE
East side of PUBLIC SQUARE, JASPER.
WOULD respectfully inform the public that they have a large and splendid assortment of Boots and Shoes on hand, which they will sell as cheap as can be done anywhere, and will warrant all their work. Give us a trial.
ROMUALD BECK.

UNION HOTEL,
JOS. EGG, Proprietor,
Corner North Main and Lawrence streets, JASPER, IND.
The "Union" is now fitted up for the reception of travelers, and the proprietor hopes to merit a share of custom. No expense will be spared to render his best Hotel in town. His bar will be at all times, as it has been heretofore supplied with the best.
May 15.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Vallandigham and Freedom.

Yes, we'll rally round the Flag, boys.

We'll rally once again,

Shouting Vallandigham and Freedom;

We will rally from the hill-side,

We'll gather from the plain,

Shouting Vallandigham and Freedom!

The Union forever! hurrah! boys, hurrah!

Down with Oppression,

Up with the Law!

While we rally round the Flag, boys,

Rally once again,

Shouting Vallandigham and Freedom!

We are rallying to the polls, boys,

Three Hundred Thousand more,

Shouting Vallandigham and Freedom;

And we'll march in solid ranks,

As our fathers did of yore,

Shouting Vallandigham and Freedom!

The ballot-box forever! hurrah! boys, hurrah!

Down with Oppression,

Up with the Law!

While we rally round the polls, boys,

Rally once again,

Shouting Vallandigham and Freedom!

We will welcome to our number

The Honest, True and Brave,

Shouting Vallandigham and Freedom;

Although he may be poor,

He shall never be a slave,

Shouting Vallandigham and Freedom!

The Union forever, &c.

We will hurry to the polls, boys,

From the East and from the West,

Shouting Vallandigham and Freedom;

And we'll teach oppression's crew,

With the niggers and the trait,

To shout for Vallandigham and Freedom!

The ballot-box forever, &c.

William Barker—The Young Patriot.

BY ARTHUR WARD.

I.

"No, William Barker, you can not have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are her equal in wealth and social position."

The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine looking young man of twenty five.

With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion.

II.

Six months later the young man stood in the presence of the haughty old man.

"What! you here again?" angrily cried the old man.

"Ay, old man," proudly exclaimed William Barker. "I am here, your daughter's equal and yours."

The old man's lips curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his cold features, when, casting violently upon the marble center table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Barker cried—

"See! Look on this wealth. And I've ten-fold more! Listen, old man! You spurned me from your door. But I did not despair. I secured a contract for furnishing the army of the — with beef—

"Yes, yes!" eagerly exclaimed the old man. "—and I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find—

"I see! I see!" cried the old man. "And good beef they make too."

"They do! they do! and the profits are immense."

"I should say so."

"And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand!"

"Boy, she is yours. But hold! Look me in the eye. Through all this have you been loyal?"

"To the core," cried William Barker.

"And," continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "are you in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war?"

"I am, I am!"

"Then, boy, take heart! Maria, my child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy, my children! and whatever our lot may be, let us all support the Government!"

"A sad sight to see in free America—

men marched through this city maimed to a shambles—their duty to become unwilling soldiers. The spectacle was visible here the other day."—(N. Y. Argus.

Conscripta.—The Syracuse Constitutionalist argues that—

"A man coerced against his will,

To go to war, will seldom kill,

Important Letter from the Pope.

Archbishop Hughes has received a letter from the Pope dated October 18th, of which the following is a translation from the Latin.

It is on the subject of our American difficulties, urging peace, and inviting him to confer with the Archbishop of New Orleans and other Catholic dignitaries on the means of restoring harmony to our afflicted country.

To our Venerable Brother John, Archbishop of New York:

VENERABLE BROTHER, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BLESSING.—A mongst the various and most oppressive cares which weigh on us in these turbulent and perilous times, we are greatly afflicted by the truly lamentable state in which the Christian people of the United States of America are placed by the destructive civil war broken out amongst them.

For, Venerable Brother, we cannot but be overwhelmed with the deepest sorrow whilst we recapitulate, with paternal feelings, the slaughter, ruin, destruction, devastation, and the other innumerable and ever to-be-deplored calamities by which the people themselves are most miserably harassed and disordered. Hence, we have not ceased to offer up, in the humility of our hearts, our most fervent prayers to God that he would deliver them from so many and so great evils.

And we are fully assured that you also, Venerable Brother, pray and implore, without ceasing, the Lord of mercies to grant solid peace and prosperity to that country. But since we, by virtue of the office of our apostolic ministry, embrace, with the deepest sentiment of charity, all the nations of the Christian world; and, though unworthy, administer here on earth the viceregent work of Him who is the Author of Peace and the Lover of Charity, we cannot refrain from interceding, again and again, on the minds of the people themselves, and their chief rulers, mutual charity and peace.

Wherefore, we write you this letter, in which we urge you, Venerable Brother, with all the force and earnestness of your mind, to exert, with your eminent piety and Episcopal zeal, your clergy and the faithful, to offer up their prayers, and also apply all your study and exertion with the people and their chief rulers, to restore forth with the desired tranquility and peace by which the happiness of both the Christian and the civil republic is principally maintained. Wherefore, omit nothing you can undertake and accomplish by your wisdom, authority and exertions, as far as compatible with the nature of the holy ministry, to conciliate the minds of the combatants, reconcile, pacify, and bring back the desired tranquility and peace, by all those means that are most conducive to the best interests of the people.

Take every pains, besides, to cause the people and their chief rulers seriously to reflect on the grievous evils with which they are afflicted, and which are the result of civil war, the direst, most destructive and dismal of all the evils that could befall a people of a nation.

Neither omit to admonish and exhort the people and their supreme rulers, even in our name, that, with conciliated minds, they would embrace peace, and love each other with uninterrupted charity. For we are confident that they would comply with our paternal admonitions and hearken to our words the more willingly, as of themselves they plainly and clearly understand that we are influenced by no political reasons, no earthly considerations, but impelled solely by paternal charity, to exhort them to tranquility and peace. And study with your unsurpassing wisdom to persuade all, that true prosperity, even in this life, is sought for in vain out of the true religion of Christ, and its salutary doctrines.

We have no hesitation, Venerable Brother, but that calling to your aid the services and assistance even of your associate bishops—you would abundantly satisfy these our wishes, and by your wise and prudent efforts bring a matter of such moment to a happy termination.

We wish you, moreover, to be informed that we write in a similar manner this very day to our Venerable Brother John Mary, Archbishop of New Orleans, that, counseling and conferring with you, he would direct all his thoughts and care most earnestly to accomplish the same object.

May God, in his mercy, grant that these our most ardent desires be accomplished,

and as soon as possible our heart may exult in the Lord over peace restored to that people.

In fine, it is most pleasing to avail ourselves of this opportunity to again testify the special esteem in which we hold you. Of which, also, receive a most assured pledge, the Apostolic Benediction, which, coming from the inmost recesses of our heart, we most lovingly bestow on you, Venerable Brother, and the flock committed to your charge.

Dated Rome, at St. Peter's, Oct. 18th 1863, in the 17th year of our Pontificate.

FORN PIUS IX.

A Conscript's Epistle to Jeff Davis.

The following quaint epistle has been furnished for publication by a member of the mounted Rifles, who picked it up in a deserted rebel camp on the Chowan river, about thirty miles from Wintoo, while on a scouting expedition last spring. The letter was addressed in this wise:

Read, if you want to, you thieving conscript hunter, whoever you are, and forward, post paid, to the lord high chancellor of the devil's exchequer [?] on earth,

JEFF DAVIS, Richmond, Va.

Headquarters, "Scalp Hunters,"

Camp Chowan, N. C. Jan. 11,

Excellency Davis:

It is with feelings of undeveloped pleasure that an affectionate conscript entrusts this sheet of confiscated paper to the tender mercies of a Confederate States mail carrier, addressed, as it shall be to yourself, O Jeff, Red Jacket of the Gulf and chief of the Six Nations—more or less. He writes on the stump of a shivered monarch of the forest with the "pine trees waiting round him," "Endymion's plant rising in the air." To you, O Car of all Chivalry and Khan of Cotton Turtary, he appeals for the privilege of smoking, on his own hook, a hand loan from — a home among the byways of the north. Will you not halt your "drive columns," and stay your gorgeous career for a thin space?—and while an admiring world takes a brief gaze at your glorious and God-forsaken conceits for the happy conscript a furlough without end? Do so, and mail it to that city the windy, wandering Wigfall didn't winter in, called for short Philadelphia.

The Eterian winds sweeping down the defiles of the Old Dominion, and over the swamps of Suffolk, come moaning through the pines of the Old State laden with the music, and sigh themselves away into sweet sounds of alliance to the far off South. Your happy conscript would go to the far off North whence the wind comes, and leave you to reap the whirlwind, with no one but your father, the Devil, to rake and bind after you. And he's going.

It is with intense and multifariously proud satisfaction that he gazes for the last time on our holy flag—that symbol and sign of an adored trinity—cotton, niggers, and chivalry. He still sees it in the little camp of the chowan, tied to the peak of its palm-tree pole, and floating out over our boundless confederacy, the revived relic of ages gone, banner of our king of trouble; And that pole in its tapering uprightness testifying some of the grandest beauties of our nationality; its peak pointing hopefully to the tropical stars, and its biggest end—run into the ground. Hello and pole, good bye. 'Tis best the conscript goes; we claim to chivalry has gone before him. Behind he leaves the illegitimate son of a Kentucky horse thief.

But a few more words, illustrious President, and he is done—done gone.

Elevated by their sufferings and sufferings to highest office in the gift of a great and exalted free people, you have held your position without a change of base, or purpose of any sort, through weary months of war, and want, and woe; and though every conscript should unite with the thousands of loyal and true men in the South in a grand old grief at your downfall, as too will they sink under the calamity of an exquisite joy when you shall have reached that eminent meridian whence all progress is perpendicular.

And now, bastard President of a political abortion, farewell.

"Scalp hunters," relics, pole, and chivalry roam Confederates in crime, good bye. Except it be in the army of the Union, you will not again see the conscript.

NORM. HARROLD.

of Ashe county, N. C.

The First Shot in the Revolution.

The first American who discharged his gun on the day of the battle of Lexington, was Ebenezer Lock, who died at Deering, New Hampshire, about fifty years ago.—

He resided at Lexington in 1775. The British regulars, at the order of Major Pitcairn, having fired at a few Americans on the green in front of the meeting house, killing some and wounding others, it was a signal of war. "The citizens," writes one, "might be seen coming from all directions in the roads, over the fields, thru' the woods, each with his rifle in his hand, his powder-horn to his side, and his pockets provided with bullets." Among the number was Ebenezer Lock.

The British had posted a reserve of infantry a mile in the rear, in the direction of Boston. This was in the neighborhood of Mr. Lock, who, instead of hastening to join the party at the green, placed himself in an open cellar at a convenient distance for doing execution. A portion of the reserve was standing on a bridge, and Mr. Lock commenced firing at them. There was no other American in sight. He worked valiantly for some ten minutes; bringing down one of the enemy at every shot. Up to this time not a gun had been fired elsewhere by the Americans. The British greatly disturbed at losing so many men by the random fire of an unseen foe, were not long in discovering the man in the cellar, and discharged a volley of balls which lodged in the opposite wall. Mr. Lock remaining unhurt continued to load and fire with the precision of a distinguished marksman. He was driven to such close quarters, however, by the British on his right and left, that he was compelled to retreat.

He had just one bullet left, and he had but one way to escape, and that was thru' an orchard and not one moment was to be lost, he leveled his gun at the man near by, dropped the weapon, and the man was shot through the heart. The balls whistled around him. Lock reached the brink of a steep hill, and throwing himself down upon the ground, tumbled downwards, rolling as if he was mortally wounded. In this way he escaped unhurt. At the close of the war he moved to New Hampshire, where he resided until his death, twenty years after. He lived in seclusion and died in peace.

From the Hudson (N. Y.) Gazette.

ORRICK BAKER'S CATECHISM.—Class of Administration office scholars, stand up.

"Who made you?"

"Abraham Lincoln."

"What is the noblest work of God?"

"A negro."

"Who is the meanest man in the world?"

"George B. McClellan."

"Who are the traitors?"

"All who are his friends."

"What is the object of the war?"

"Negro."

"In what rests the hope of America?"

"The negro."

"What is the duty of the army?"

"To arrest all who believe in the Constitution."

"Who is the war benefiting?"

"Army contractors, rich men, Republican Generals, money chasers, cotton speculators and negroes."

"At whose expense?"

"The people's."

"What is the test of patriotism?"

"Abuse of Democracy!"

"Why is the negro the equal of the white man?"

"Because God created them both!"

"On that principle, is a justice the equal of a Brigadier General?"

"Of course."

"How shall the policy of this Administration be manifested?"

"By the suppression of speech, the milking of printing offices, and imprisonment of all Democrats there is not rope enough to hang!"

"Is an union of sentiment a feeling of any importance in the prosecution of the war?"

"No!"

"In your neighborhood are you considered a man of sound sense?"

"Hardly!"

"Are you capable of supporting yourself by honest labor?"

"Never tried it—don't know."

"Do you hate a Democrat more than you do the devil?"

"Yes—yes—yes!"

"All right—if there is no office vacant, a new one shall be created for you at once!"